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OUT OF THE FASHION.

A fashionable woman
In a fashionable gown,
A fashionable bonnet,
Of a fashionable hue;
A fashionable mantle
And a fashionable gown,
A fashionable Christiania
In a fashionable gown,
A fashionable prayer book
And a fashionable cloth;
A fashionable chapel
With a fashionable altar;
A fashionable prospector
With a fashionable speed;
A fashionable sermon
Made of fashionable reach;
At the fashionable hotel;
A fashionable penny
To the fashionable poor;
A fashionable heaven
And a fashionable hell;
A fashionable title
For this fashionable belle;
For this fashionable belle;
A fashionable kneeling;
And a fashionable nod;
But no fashionable God!
—Merchant Traveler.

THE AVENGED WIFE.

I was just of age. I had received
my small patrimony, and started
on the voyage of life, carrying with
me, as my chief value, a diploma
from a Philadelphia Medical School.
Chance and a strong desire for a
life in a wilderness had led me into
the comparatively unsettled wilds
of Western Arkansas, and one fine
morning in June found me a citizen
of Fayetteville, and my card on my
office door, offering to the public
my professional services as a doctor.

I thought that patients never
would come. Mine (to use a
wretched pun), was already ex-
hausted, and I began to fear my life
would close on a fame, acquired by
a skill in pulling teeth, and plaster-
ing up battered noses. At last I
had a case. The coroner had been
summoned to disinter the remains
of an infant who had been brought
from the country, and buried in
the town cemetery, and whose moth-
er had been arrested on a charge
of infanticide. I was requested to
attend the exhumation, and be
present with the jury. On inspection
of the remains, I found no
marks of violence, and gave my
opinion that death ensued from
atrophy (want of nourishment), and
that the red marks on the body
were the result of inflammatory
measles. The verdict of the jury
was, however, "Came to its death
by causes unknown."

The circuit court was in session
at the time, and the grand jury,
who had waited for the coroner's re-
port, indicted the mother for murder,
and solely upon the testimony

"The case was set for the next
day, and the trial commenced at
9 o'clock next morning. Judge
Walker called aloud from the bench
'The State of Arkansas against
Lucy Dillon; indictment for murder.
Are the parties ready?'"
"The State is ready," replied the
circuit attorney. "Sheriff," said the
Judge, "bring the prisoner into
court."

In a few moments the officer ap-
peared, supporting upon his arm
the frail and bending form of a
young woman, who seemed just
on the verge of death. He assisted
her to the prisoner's dock, and very
kindly spread his coat on the
rough seat, and handed her a glass
of water. A grateful smile was his
reward.

"Lucy Dillon," said the Judge
kindly to her. "You stand indicted
by the grand jury of Washington
county, for the murder of your child."

"Oh! no, no, no," sobbed the poor
woman, "I murder, my own child!
Oh! never, never."
"Madam," said the Judge, visibly
affected, "it is my duty to ask you
if you are ready for trial."

"As ready, sir, as I ever expect
to be," sobbed the poor prisoner.
"Have you any counsel?"
"No, sir. I have no money to
employ a lawyer, and I don't know
any one here who would take my
case."

And she turned upon him a look
of extreme love, mingled somewhat
with terror.

"John," she cried, but the brute
turned his back upon her and dis-
appeared in the crowd. There was
never seen, on a human face, such
a look of dazed anguish, as she sunk
her head upon the frame of her
seat, and sobbed as if her heart was
breaking.

"Madam," said the Judge, "as you
have no counsel, I will appoint one
for you."

And he called over the names of
the few lawyers who were present,
but each one asked to be excused,
on the plea of urgent business.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge
sternly, "I will not permit this mat-
ter to be so. I have excused you
because I would not entrust a mat-
ter of life and death to a reluctant
advocate. But I shall now select
one of you, and if he refuses, I shall
fine him for contempt, and perhaps
disbar him."

"Oh! God of heaven, have, have I
no friends here?" exclaimed the ag-
grieved prisoner.

"Yes, madam," exclaimed a voice
from the crowd. "You have one."
All eyes were turned in the di-
rection of the speaker, who, rising
slowly from his seat, displayed the
form of a man in the bloom of youth
so tall that he overlooked the
throne before him, and with a frame
that combined activity with
strength. He was clad in a full
buckskin suit, his hair hung down
his back in curls that had evident-
ly been trained with care, and he

leaned upon a rifle that was as long
as himself. Advancing to the dock,
he took the trembling woman's
hand with gentleness, and in tones
of exquisite kindness, he said:
"Madam, will you take me for
your counsel? I will do the best I
can for you."

"Yes, yes, yes," exclaimed the
hapless mother. "I will. You know
that I would not kill my child, and
you will save me. I know you will."
"I know," said the stranger, "that
you are not guilty," and turning to
court he continued, "May it please
the court, I will appear as counsel
for this defenceless woman."

"What is your name?"
"H. Samuel."

"Are you a lawyer, Mr. Samuel?"
"Yes, sir, I have practiced in my
own State, Tennessee."

"The court, Mr. Samuel, has no
objection, if the circuit attorney
will consent."

"A nod of approval and the mat-
ter was settled. By permission of
the court, the woodsman and his
client were permitted to hold con-
ference in a remote part of the court
room, and when the lengthy con-
ference was closed, and the parties
returned to the bar, the face of the
prisoner was radiant with hope, and
the hunter wore a frown, por-
tentous of wrath and determina-
tion.

After the jury had been sworn
and the indictment read, the first
witness introduced was John Dil-
lon, the husband. His testimony
was to the effect, that the prisoner,
who claimed to be his wife, was a
woman whom he had found on the
road, and who had followed him;
they had lived together, but she
was not his wife; that about two
months before, she had given birth
to a child in his house, that the
child was healthy when born, but
had only lived five or six weeks;
that suspicious of foul play were
first aroused by seeing the woman
bend over the child frequently, and
asking herself why it was born,
why God did not take it and her
too—it would save them both a
hard life. On the day of the baby's
death, he found her leaning over
its cradle, and again praying God
to take the darling, as she called
it. He went up to her and found
her on the point of having a fit,
with her hand clasped tightly on
the child's throat. He told her to
take her hand away or she would
kill the baby, but she did not an-
swer, and he had pushed her away.
Before she recovered the child was
dead. The baby was evidently
choked to death on purpose to get
rid of it.

Such was the substance of the
man's evidence, and he was hand-
ed over to the hunter counsel for
"You say your name is Samuel?"
"Yes, sir."

"Have you always borne that
name?"
"Certainly, sir," said the man a
little startled.

"Of what State and county are
you a native?"
"I was born in Hanover county,
Virginia."

"Do you know a gentleman in
that county named George Win-
ston?"
"Sir," asked the witness, tremu-
lously.

"The question was repeated.
"Yes, sir, I know Mr. Winston."
"Did you ever work for him?"
"Yes, sir."

"Do you recollect of his losing
several sheep, which were said to
be stolen?"
"I do remember that some of his
sheep were said to be stolen."

"Was the theft laid to any man?"
"I believe a fellow named Jim
Collins was charged with it."

"Was Collins tried for it?"
"I believe he was."

"Was he convicted and sen-
tenced?"
"Yes, sir."

"What was the sentence?"
"I believe he was sentenced to
the penitentiary in Richmond for
two years."

"Did he serve out the sentence?"
"I suppose he did, sir."

The witness was now laboring
under intense excitement, and he
leaned on the witness box for sup-
port. He trembled so that he
could scarcely stand.

"Now, Mr. John Dillon, contin-
ued the huntsman, rising to his full
height, and fixing his fierce glance
on the trembling witness, 'I will
ask you a simple question. Are
you not Jim Collins, the convicted
sheep stealer?'"

"I will not answer that question,"
said the agitated man.

"Then I call upon the court to
compel you." The circuit attorney
who might have objected, being
silent, the Judge said sternly:

"Answer the question, sir."

"I am," said the witness, faintly.

"Well," resumed the hunter, "Mr.
Jim Collins, after leaving the Rich-
mond penitentiary, where did you
go?"

"To Fredericksburg, Va."

"Under what name?"
"John Dillon."

"Did you first meet your wife
there?"

"I first met that woman there."

"Then she is not your wife, and
you were never married to her?"

"No, sir, never."

"What was the maiden name of
the prisoner at the bar?"

"She called herself Lucy Har-
dwick."

"And now, may it please the
court, though it is a little out of
place at this time, perhaps, I will
ask you a question. I beg leave to
offer in defense, and to read to the
jury, two papers that I hold in my
hand."

No objection being made, the

huntsman lawyer read a marriage
certificate, signed by William Hur-
ley, a Methodist minister at Fred-
ericksburg, Va., stating that on
the 14th of October, 1882, he had
celebrated the rite of matrimony
between John Dillon and Lucy
Hardwick; also a certified copy of
the license issued by John James
Chew, the clerk of the corporation
court, to the same parties; and also
a notice in the Virginia Herald, a
city paper, of the marriage.

"These papers," continued the
counsel for the defense, were hand-
ed to me by my client, who states
that old father Hurley, as he was
called, gave them to her and told
her to keep them safely and forever,
as they might be of great value to
her; and so they have proved. I
have besides, in this package, for-
ty or fifty letters from that fellow,
which the poor confiding wife has
kept as her choicest treasures, be-
fore and after her marriage. All of
these will explain the relation
which our sheep stealer bears to
his defenseless wife. I ask that
they go before the jury."

The tide of feeling was now
turned completely against the wit-
ness, and his examination was re-
sumed.

"And now, Mr. Jim Collins," said
the lawyer, "I have not quite done
with you. I will ask you if you
have not, at various times, beaten
this wife of yours?"

"I have not, sir."

"Did you ever see the prisoner,
after the birth of her child, with
any deadly weapon or poisonous
drug?"

"No, sir."

"Did you always furnish her with
food?"

"Generally I did."

"During her confinement were
you not absent a whole week, leav-
ing her in the house without wood
or fuel?"

"I did go hunting that week to
get food, but was unlucky, and
didn't get any."

"You spoke of pushing her away
from her dying child, when she had
her hand upon its throat. Did you
not kick her violently, and was she
not unconscious for some time after
the blow?"

"I did touch her with my foot, and
she fell over."

"Was not the child dead when
she recovered?"

"I believe it was."

"Did you attend the funeral of
the child?"

"I did not."

"Did the prisoner?"

"I do not know, but heard that
she did."

"Before we adjourn for dinner,"
said the lawyer, "I shall ask the
court to issue a bench warrant for
Jim Collins, alias John Dillon, to
appear at the trial, however, though mem-
orize up to judge."

When the court met in the after-
noon, the sheriff repeated that the
main witness was nowhere to be
found, and though his deputies were
making diligent search for him,
they were unable to find him.

"They never will," quickly remark-
ed the lawyer in quickness.

After this the case dragged heav-
ily. The State had broken down
in its prosecution, and would have
entered a nolle prosequi, but the
counsel for the prisoner objected,
stating that the life and character
of his client had been placed in
jeopardy; that she was entitled to
a full examination of the whole
matter; that he would claim her
full vindication at the hands of the
jury, and would put her future be-
yond the reach of another prosecu-
tion.

And a grand vindication this
forest lawyer made for her. The
cruelty of her husband, his neglect
the starvation of his wife, his ut-
ter worthlessness, and his attach-
ment to a wretched woman of the
town, were all in proof, and after
the testimony was all through, and
the circuit attorney had made a
few remarks, the grand form of the
prisoner's counsel was seen to rise.

Taking his stand by the side of
his client, he proceeded to address
the jury. For two hours he held
spell bound that dense audience.

Court, counsel, officers, men, wo-
men, leaned forward to catch every
vibration of that eloquent tongue.

Every one's voice was ready to
shout applause, but every voice
was hushed, lest one note of that
grand oration should be lost.

When he came to describe the hap-
piness of home, his whole frame
quivered with an excitement that
seemed to flow from some over-
powering memories of his own life.

As he proceeded, the agitation of
the crowd in the courthouse be-
came almost irrepressible, and the
prisoner at the bar rose from her
seat, and placing her hand on his
shoulder, gazed into his face with
wonder and intense admiration.

Her touch seemed to give him new
life, for he poured forth his streams
of invective and pathos with an
earnestness that was unearthly.

When he sat down, a quiet of
several minutes fell upon the au-
dience, and a sigh of relief rose
from that dense crowd. At last the
foreman of the jury asked the court
if their verdict would be received
now, from their seats. The circuit
attorney made no objection, and
the verdict was handed to the clerk.

"Not Guilty."

Amid the deafening applause that
followed, and which the Court
made no effort to suppress, the
now happy prisoner turned to thank
her deliverer, but—he was gone.

Nobody knew when or how he left,
and his rifle had disappeared also.
Men who came to town that day,
reported meeting a tall, lion haired
hunter, on foot, going to the West.
He was never seen in the town

again, but men who returned from
the Texan war with Mexico, always
maintained that the forest orator
and the great deliverer of Texas,
Sam. Houston, was the same.

The story of the avenged wife is
well high over. She obtained a di-
vorce from her worthless husband,
and soon after married a